Who's the Dupe?

A

FARCE;

As it is ACTED at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

By Mrs. COWLEY,

AUTHOR of the RUNAWAY, a COMEDY.

LONDON:

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MDCCLXIII.

Squad 411 Garage

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Reader will find Paſſages in the following Scenes, which are not ſpoken on the Stage. Actors of ſkill and ability, acquainted with the ideas of the Writer, and aſſiſted by all the advantages of Stage-repreſentation, give impreſſions of character and ſituation with more expedition and certainty than can be done by Words alone: elucidations, which may be neceſſary for the Reader, are therefore very frequently and properly omitted by them.

The Author owes too much to the very excellent manner in which the Farce is acted, not to ſeize this opportunity of acknowledging her obligations to the Performers.

Judging from her own experience, as well as her obſervation on that of others, ſhe feels that Authors are ſo far from having reaſon to join in the common clamour on the declenſion

of the Stage, that there has been no period in which performances in the Comic line have been repreſented with ſuch uniform ſtrength: and though it is impoſſible for her to form diſtinctions on the merit of ſo perfect a repreſentation, yet ſhe cannot omit expreſſing her particular obligations to Mr. King, for accepting, from the beſt motives, and in the moſt polite and candid manner, a part not perfectly agreeable to himſelf, but which owes its effect principally to his performance.

CHARACTERS OF THE DRAMA.

MEN.

DOILEY	Mr. *Parſons.*
SANDFORD	Mr. *Aikin.*
GRANGER	Mr. *Palmer.*
GRADUS	Mr. *King.*

WOMEN.

ELIZABETH	Mrs. *Brereton.*
CHARLOTTE	Mrs. *Wrighten.*

[*The* AUTHOR *was diſappointed of a promiſed* Prologue—*The following was ſketched the evening previous to the repreſentation of the Farce, but not ſpoken, on account of the length of the ſeveral entertainments on that night.*——*It is printed, as an explanation of the principal idea on which the plot was formed.*]

IN days of yore liv'd doughty Knights,
Enchanters, 'Squires, and valiant Wights—
Scamp'ring o'er mountains, ſeas, and land,
Prompt at their haughty Fair's command.
Caſtles were raz'd, and Giants kill'd,
Volcanos ſunk, or Rivers fill'd:
No Raviſher dar'd ſtalk the earth;
No faithleſs Lover turn'd to mirth
The oaths his fondneſs once had ſwore—
Is he inconſtant?—He's *no more.*
Rare times were theſe! yet ſome there were
Who even then againſt the Fair,
Fearleſs of Conj'rer, 'Squire, or Knight,
Could ſhew their teeth, and vent their ſpite.
Theſe were your Learned Men—your *Writers,*
Whom no age ever mark'd for Fighters;
But war with *Women* they could wage,
And fill their bold, ſatyric page
With petty foibles—*Ladies* faults—
Who ſtill endure their rude aſſaults;
For even now it is the way,
In this our poliſh'd modern day,
On Female Follies to be witty,
From the Court Beauty to the City.
Thoſe who can't rhyme, in weighty Proſe
Their *whims* and *vanity* expoſe:
In Epigrams Sir Witling's folio
Makes of the Sex a perfect ollo—
Of noiſe, caprice, and pride, compos'd,
To ev'ry thing *outré* diſpos'd—
Whilſt Cards, and Dreſs, and ſtudied Airs,
More than good Houſewifery, or Prayers,
Engroſs their time, their hearts, their cares.

Thus

Thus have they borne, from diſtant ages,
The laſh of Wit, the frown of Sages.—
Sure then 'tis fair *one* hour to give—
'Tis all ſhe aſks—a Woman leave
To laugh at thoſe ſame *learned* Men!
The gall of whoſe ſarcaſtic pen
By Youth, and Beauty, is ſupply'd,
Nor ſpares the Matron, Maid, nor Bride.
If any from the muſty Halls,
Or the chill gloom of College-walls,
To baſk in Pleaſure's tempting ray,
Have Phaëton-like obtain'd a day,
And, thron'd in yonder circle, ſit,
Deciding on the claims of Wit—
Think not that *you*, our Author means,
When thro' her ſaucy Farcic ſcenes,
A Pedant ſhe has dar'd to ſcan,
From Alma Mater—ſpick and ſpan.
No; in her name ſhe bids me ſwear
You are chief fav'rites of the Fair—
You've blood and ſpirits in your veins,
And give—*ge-hep*—to joy the reins;
Skim Life's ſweet ſurface, and purſue
The flying bleſſings, ſtill in view—
For Pleaſure ever on the beat,
And *roaſted* SQUARE CAPS—think a treat.

Who's the Dupe?

ACT I.

SCENE, *the Park.*

Flower Girls, and ſeveral perſons paſſing.

First Girl.

I *Vow* I ha'n't had a cuſtomer to-day. Summer is coming, and we ſhall be ruin'd. When flowers are plenty, no body will buy 'em.

2*d Girl.* Aye, very true—people talks of ſummer; but for my part, give me Chriſtmas. In a hard froſt, or a deep ſnow, who's dreſt without flowers and furs? Here's one of the Captains. [*Enter* Sandford] Flowers, Sir?

Sand. I have no ſilver.

2*d Girl.* Bleſs your Honour! I'll take gold.

Sand. Indeed!

2*d Girl.* Here's hyacinths, and a ſprig of myrtle.

Sand. I'd rather have roſes. What will you take for theſe? [*Pinching her cheek.*]

2*d Girl.* I can't ſell them alone—the tree and the roſes muſt go together.

Enter GRANGER.

Sand. Ah! Granger, by all that's fortunate! I wrote to you laſt night in Devonſhire, to haſten your return.

Grang. Then your letter and I joſtled each other, at two o'clock, on this ſide Hounſlow. My damn'd Poſtilion—nodding, I ſuppoſe, over the charms of ſome Greaſalinda—

run againſt the letter-cart, tore off my hind wheel, and I was forc'd to mount his one-ey'd hack; and, in that curious equipage, arrived at three this morning.

Sand. But how has the negotiation with your Brother ended? Will he put you in a ſituation to ——

Grang. Yes, to take a ſweating with the Gentoos. He'll ſpeak to Sir Jacob Jaghire to get me a commiſſion in the Eaſt-Indies—" and, you know, every body grows rich "there—and then you know you're a Soldier, you can "fight." [*In a tone of mimickry.*]

Sand. Well, what anſwer did you give him?

Grang. Yes, Sir Bobby, I can fight [*mimicking*]; but I can't grow rich upon the ſmell of gunpowder. Your true *Eaſt-India* Soldier is of a different genus from thoſe who ſtrew'd Minden with Frenchmen, and muſt have as great a fecundity of character, as a Dutch Burgomaſter. Whilſt his Sword is in his hand, his Pen muſt be in his cockade: he muſt be as expert at Fractions, as at Aſſaults; to-day mowing down ranks of ſoft Beings, juſt riſen from their Embroidery; to-morrow, ſelling Pepper and Beetle-nut—this hour a Son of Mars, ſtriding over heaps of ſlain; the next, an Auctioneer—knocking down Chintz and Callico to the beſt bidder.

Sand. And thus your negotiation ended?

Grang. Except that I was obliged to liſten to ſome very wiſe diſſertation about *running out*, as he calls it. "Five Thouſand—enough for any younger Son, but the Prodigal." [*mimicking*] Really, Sandford, I can't ſee how I could help it. Jack Spiller, to be ſure, had Nine Hundred. I know the poor fellow was honeſt; but married a Fine Lady, ſo died inſolvent. I had a few more accidents of the ſame kind; my Captaincy coſt a Thouſand—and the neceſſary expences in America, with the diſtreſſes of my fellow Soldiers, have ſwallowed the reſt.

Sand. Poor Granger! So, with a ſpirit to do honour to Five Thouſand a year, thou art not worth Five Shillings.

Grang. C'eſt vrai. Should my affair with Elizabeth be croſs'd, I am the moſt undone Dog on earth.

Sand. Now, tell me honeſtly, is it Elizabeth, or the fortune, which is your object?

Grang. Why look'ee Sandford! I am not one of thoſe ſighing Milkſops who could live in a cottage on love, or ſit contentedly under a hedge, and help my wife to knit ſtockings; but, on the word of a Soldier, I had rather marry

marry Elizabeth Doiley with Ten Thouſand Pounds, than any other woman on earth with an Hundred.

Sand. And the woman muſt be very unreaſonable, who would not be ſatisfied with ſuch a diſtinction. But do you know, that Elizabeth's Father has taken the liberty to chuſe a Son-in-law without your permiſſion?

Grang. Ha! a Lover! That then is the ſecret my Charmer hinted, and which brought me ſo haſtily to Town. Who—*what* is he?

Sand. Every thing that you are not.

Grang. There is ſuch a mixture of jeſt and earneſt——

Sand. Upon my ſoul, 'tis confoundedly ſerious.——Since they became my neighbours in Suffolk, I am in the ſecrets of the whole family, and, for your ſake, have cultivated an intimacy with Abraham Doiley, Citizen and Slop-Seller. In a word, the Father conſults me, the Daughter complains to me, and the Couſin, fille-de-chambre, romps with me—Can my importance be increaſed?

Grang. My dear Sandford! [*impatiently.*

Sand. My dear Granger! the ſum total is this: old Doiley—bred, you know, in a Charity-ſchool—ſwears he'll have a Man of LARNING for his Son. His caprice makes him regardleſs of fortune; but Elizabeth's Huſband muſt have Latin at his fingers' ends, and be able to teach his Grandſons to ſputter in Greek.

Grang. Oh! I'll ſtudy Hebrew, and write Odes in Chaldee, if that will content the old Gentleman—but, may I periſh, if all the Pedants in England, with the Univerſities to back 'em, ſhall rob me of my Elizabeth!——See here [*producing a Letter*]—an invitation, from her own dear hand.—This morning—this very hour—in a moment I ſhall be at her feet [*Going*]———Go with me through the Park—Oh, no—I cry you mercy—You walk, but I fly. [*Exit.*

Sand. Propitious be your flight!—Egad! there are two fine Girls; and, if they dont hang out falſe colours, of the right ſort.——I'll try 'em—half afraid—the Women dreſs ſo equivocally, that one is in danger of attacking a Counteſs, when one only means to addreſs a Nymph of King's-Place.

[*Exit.*

An Apartment at Mr. DOILEY's.

Mr. and Miſs DOILEY *at Breakfaſt.*

Doil. Here, take away—take away. Remember, we are not at home to nobody but to Mr. Gradus.

Serv.

Serv. The formal Gentleman, that was here laſt night, Sir!

Doil. Yes, [*ſnappiſhly*] the Gentleman that was here laſt night. [*Exit Servant*] What! I ſee you are reſolved for to have poor Gradus's heart, Elizabeth!——I never ſaw you ſo trick'd out in a morning before. But he is n't none of your Chaps that's to be catch'd with a Mountain-head, nor knots, nor gew-gaws.——No, no; you muſt mind your P—s and Q—s with him, I can tell you. And don't laugh now when he's with you.—You've a confounded knack at laughing; and there's nothing ſo odious, in the eyes of a wiſe man, as a great laugher.

Miſs Doil. Oh! his very idea is as reviving as burnt feathers in hyſterics.——I wiſh I had ſeen him laſt night, with all the ruſt of Oxford about him! he muſt have been the greateſt provocative to mirth.

Doil. How! what! a provokive to mirth! why, Huſſey, he was recommended to me by an antikary Doctor of the Royal Society—he has finiſh'd his Larning ſome time; and they want him to come and drink and hunt in Shropſhire—not he—he ſticks to al-mater; and the College-heads have been laid togather many a time, to know whether he ſhall be a great Judge, a larned Phyſician, or a Civility Doctor.

Miſs Doil. Nay then, Sir—if he's all this, laughing will be irreſiſtible.

Doil. Don't put me in a paſſion, Betty—don't go for to put me in a paſſion. What, would you have a Man with an eternal grin upon his face, like the head of a knocker? and hopping and ſkipping about like a Dutch Doll, with quick-ſilver in its heels? If you muſt have a Huſband of that ſort, ſo be it, ſo be it—you know the reſt.

Miſs Doil. Surely, Sir, 'tis poſſible for a Man who does not move as if cut in wood, or ſpeak as though he delivered his words by tale, to have Breeding, and to——

Doil. May be—may be; but your Man of Breeding is not fit for old Doiley's Son. What! ſhall I go for to give the labour of thirty years to a young Jackanapes, who'll come into the room with a Dancing-ſchool ſtep—and prate of his Grandfather Sir Thomas, his Great-Grandfather the General, and his Great-great-great-Grandfather—merely becauſe I can't tell whether I ever had one, or no?

Miſs Doil. I hope, Sir, that ſuch a Man could never engage my——

Doil.

Doil. Pſhaw, pſhaw! *you* can't pertend for to judge of a Man; all Hypocrites and Deceivers.

Miſs Doil. Except Mr. Gradus.

Doil. Oh, He! He's very different from your Men of Breeding, I aſſure you——The moſt extraordinary Youth that was ever turn'd out of College. None of your Randans, up all night—not drinking and wenching——No—in his room—poring, and reading, and ſtudying. Oh the joy that I ſhall have in hearing him talk! I do love LARNING. I was grieved—grieved to the ſoul, Betty, when thou wert born. I had ſet my heart upon a Boy—and if thou'd'ſt been a Boy, thou ſhouldſt have had Greek, and Algebra, and Jometry enough for an Archbiſhop.

Miſs Doil. I am ſorry——

Doil. No, no; don't be ſorry—be obedient, and all will be as it ſhould be. You know I doat on you, you young Slut. I left Eaſtcheap for Weſtminſter, on purpoſe to pleaſe you. Hav'n't I not carried you to Bath, Brimigem, and Warley-Common, and all the genteel places? I never grudg'd you no expence, nor no pleaſure whatſomever.

Miſs Doil. Indeed, Sir, you are moſt indulgent.

Doil. Well then, don't thwart me, Betty—don't go for to thwart me; that's all. Since you came into the world, and diſappointed your Father of a Son, 'tis your duty to give him a wiſe *Son-in-law* to make up his loſs.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Char. Mrs. Taffety, the Mantua-maker, is in your dreſſing-room, Ma'am.

Doil. Then ſend her away—She hasn't no time now for Mrs. Taffety.

Miſs Doil. Aye, ſend her away, Charlotte—what does ſhe want? I didn't ſend for her.

Char. Bleſs me—'tis the Captain. [*Apart.*

Miſs Doil. Oh Heavens! [*aſide*] Yes, I do remember—aye, I did—I did ſend for her about the painted luteſtring.

Doil. Bid her come again to-morrow, I ſay.

Char. Lord bleſs me! Sir, I dare ſay ſhe can't come again to-morrow—ſuch Mantua-makers as Mrs. Taffety won't wait half-a-dozen times on people—Why, Sir, ſhe comes to her Cuſtomers in a Chair of her own; and her Footman beats a tattoo at the door, as if ſhe was a Counteſs.

Doil. A Mantua-maker with her Footman and Chair!

Oh

Oh lud! o lud! I ſhould as ſoon have expected a Ducheſs in a Wheel-barrow.

Miſs Doil. Pray, Sir, allow me juſt to ſtep and ſpeak to her—It is the ſweeteſt gown—and I'd give the world were you as much charm'd with it as I am.

Doil. Coaxing ſlut! [*Exeunt Miſs* D. *and* Charlotte.]—Where the devil can Gradus be now?—Well, good fortune never comes in a hurry.—If I'd pitch'd upon your Man of Breeding, he'd have been here an hour ago—ſipt his jocklate, kiſs'd Elizabeth's fingers, hopp'd into his carriage, and away to his wench—to divart her with charatures of the Old Fellow and his Daughter. Oh! before I'd give my gains to one of theſe Puppies, I'd ſpend 'em all in building hoſpitals for lazy Lacquies, and decay'd Pimps. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *a Dreſſing-Room.*

Miſs DOILEY *and* GRANGER.

Miſs Doil. A truce to your tranſports! Perhaps I am too much inclined to believe all you can ſwear—but this muſt be a moment of buſineſs.——To ſecure me to yourſelf, are you willing to enter into meaſures that——

Gran. Any thing!—every thing!—I'll have a chaiſe at the Park-gate in five minutes; and we'll be in Scotland, my Elizabeth, before your new lover has ſettled his firſt addreſs.

Miſs Doil. Pho, pho! you're a mere bungler at contrivance; if you'll be guided by me, my Father ſhall give me to you at St. James's Church, in the face of the world.

Grang. Indeed!

Miſs Doil. Indeed.

Grang. I fear to truſt to it, my Angel!—Beauty can work miracles with all mankind, but an obſtinate Father.—

Miſs Doil. It is *you* who muſt work the miracle.—I have ſettled the whole affair with my Couſin, who has underſtanding and wit—and you have only to be obedient.

Grang. I am perfectly obedient—pray give me my leſſon!

Miſs Doil. Why, luckily, you know my Father has never ſeen you—he left Bath before you had the faucineſs——

Enter CHARLOTTE *with a Bundle.*

Char. There!—you're finely caught!—Here's your Father and Mr. Gradus actually upon the ſtairs, coming here.

Grang. Zounds! Where's the cloſet?

Miſs. Doil. Oh Lord! here's no cloſet—I ſhall faint with terror.

Grang. No

Grang. No back ſtairs?—No clothes-preſs?

Char. Neither, neither!—But here—I'm your guardian angel—[*untying the bundle*]—I told 'em Mrs. Taffety was here; ſo without more ceremony clap on theſe—ſpeak broken Engliſh, and, my life for it, you'll paſs muſter with my Uncle.

Grang. What! make a Woman of me!—by Jupiter——

Char. Lay your commands on him—if he doesn't ſubmit, we are ruin'd.

Miſs Doil. Oh, you ſhall, I proteſt—here—I'll put his cap on.

Doil. [*without*] This way, Sir—come this way—We'll take her by ſurpriſe—leaſt preparation is beſt—[*pulling at the door*] Open the door!

Miſs Doil. Preſently, Sir.

Doil. [*knocking*] What the dickens are you doing, I ſay?—open the door!

Char. In a moment—I am only pinning my Couſin's gown—Lord bleſs me! you hurry one ſo, you have made me prick my finger. There—now you may enter. [*Opens the door, and exit.*]

Doil. Oh! only my Daughter's Mantua-maker. Here, Elizabeth, this is that Mr. Gradus I talk'd to you about. Bleſs me! I hope you a'n't ill—you look as white as a candle.

Miſs Doil. No, Sir—not ill—but this woman has fretted me to death—ſhe has ſpoil'd my gown.

Doil. Why then make her pay for it, d'ye hear? It's my belief if ſhe was to pay for *all* ſhe ſpoils, ſhe'd ſoon drop her Chair, and trudge a-foot. Mr. Gradus—beg pardon—this is my Daughter—don't think the worſe of her, becauſe ſhe's a little daſh'd, or ſo.

Grad. Baſhfulneſs, Mr. Doiley, is the robe of Modeſty—and Modeſty, as hath been well obſerv'd, is a Sunbeam to a Diamond—giving force to its beauty, and exalting its luſtre.

Doil. He was a deep one, I warrant him, that ſaid that—I remember ſomething like it in the Wiſdom of Solomon. Come, ſpeak to Elizabeth there—I ſee *ſhe* won't 'till you've broke the ice.

Grad. Madam!—[*bows*]—hem—permit me—this honour—hem—believe me, Lady, I have more ſatisfaction in beholding you, than I ſhould have in converſing with Grævius and Gronovius. I had rather poſſeſs your approbation than that of the elder Scaliger; and this apartment is more precious to me, than was the Lyceum Portico to the moſt zealous of the Peripatetics.

Doil. There!—Shew me a Man of Breeding who could talk ſo! [*aſide*]

Grang. *Mon Dieu! Madame!* is dis de Gentilhomme for whom you vant de Bride Cloaths?—He ſpeak like a Dictionary-maker, and look like a Phyſician.

Doil. Hold your tongue, Mrs. Skain of Silk! What, a dickens! muſt you put in *your* oar? Why don't you pack her off? [*to Miſs Doiley.*]

Miſs Doil. Pray make haſte, Mrs. Taffety—How could you preſume to ſpeak? I believe all you have ſaid to be very fine, Sir; but, unfortunately, I don't know the Gentlemen you mentioned. The education given to Women ſhuts us entirely from ſuch refined acquaintance.

Gradus. Perfectly right, Madam, perfectly right. The more ſimple your education, the nearer you approach the pure manners of the pureſt ages. The charms of Women were never more powerful—never inſpired ſuch atchievements, as in thoſe immortal periods, when they could neither read, nor write.

Doil. Not read, nor write!—Zounds, what a time was that for to bring up a Daughter! Why, a Peereſs in thoſe days did not coſt ſo much as a Barber's Daughter in our's. Miſs Friz muſt have her Dancing, her French, her Tambour, her Harpſicholl, her Jography, her Stronomy—whilſt her Father, to ſupport all this, lives upon Sprats; or, once in two years, calls his Creditors to a compoſition.

Grad. *Oh, tempora mutantur!* but theſe exuberances, Mr. Doiley, indigitate unbounded liberty.

Doil. Digitate, or not——ifackins, if the Ladies would take my advice, they'd return to their diſtaffs, and grow notable—to diſtinguiſh themſelves from their Shopkeepers Wives.

Grad. Ah!—It was at the Loom, and the Spinning-wheel, that the Lucretias and Portias of the world imbibed their virtue; that the Mothers of the Gracchi, the Horatii, the Antonines, caught that ſacred flame with which they inſpired their Sons, and with the milk of their own pure boſoms gave them that fortitude, that magnanimity, which made them Conquerors and Kings.

Grang. *En verité, Madame!* if you marry dis Gentilhomme, he will make you ſpin his ſhirts, dat he may become de Fader of young Emperors.

Doil. Holty, tolty! why, you impudent, inſolent——

Grang. Impudent! Pardie, Monſieur, he be only fit for *un Cocu.* Vat, Monſieur! you marry un pretty Lady!

You

You make good Doctor de Sorbonne—but Huſband—Oh *mon Dieu!* de Men will rejoice—de Women will laugh—de Town will —— [*following* Gradus, *who retreats.*

Grad. Prithee, good Woman! —— Mr. Doiley, I am really ———

Doil. In all my life I never ſaw ſo much. Why, you French Trollop! you, inſolent, inſignificant, dirty———

Grang. No French Trollop me, Monſieur! By gar, 'tis inſult on my country—and mon Couſin de Friſeur ſhall give you de challenge.

Doil. Challenge! what a dickens are ye coming the mad Marquis over us? March, Madam! Troop, I ſay! It doesn't ſignify hanging back, Woman, for you *ſhall* out; [*exit.* Granger] and [*bawling after him*] if ever I catch you at my door again, you and your Chair ſhall both be jirk'd in the kennel—This comes of employing your *parler voes.*

Grad. Be not diſconcerted, Mr. Doiley—Impertinence and wonder are the birthright of the ignorant.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a Lord! Lord Pharo!!

Doil. Lord Pharo! hum, then the four Aces run againſt him laſt night. Well, the ill luck of ſome, and the fine taſte of others, makes my money breed like rabbits. [*Aſide.*

Serv. Sir ——

Doil. Well, well, I'm a coming—when a Lord wants money, he'll wait as patiently as any body. Well, Mr. Gradus, I'm your humble ſervant. Elizabeth!—you underſtand me. [*Exit.*

Grad. How unlucky the old Gentleman ſhould be called away! Hem! [*addreſſing himſelf to ſpeak to her*] There is ſomething in her eye ſo ſarcaſtic, I'd rather pronounce the *Terræ-filius*, than addreſs her. Madam!—What can I ſay? Oh, now—that's fortunate [*pulling out ſome papers*] Hem! I will venture to requeſt your ideas, Madam, on a little Autographon, which I deſign for the world.

Miſs Doil.—Sir!

Grad.—In which I have formed a new Chronometer, to prove that Confucius and Zoroaſter were the ſame perſons;—and that the Pyramids are not ſo ancient, by two hundred years, as the world believes.

Miſs Doil. To what purpoſe, Sir?

Grad. Purpoſe!—Purpoſe, Madam! Why, really, Miſs, our Bookſellers ſhelves are loaded with volumes in the unfruitful road of plain ſenſe and nature; and unleſs an Author can elance himſelf from the common track, he ſtands as little chance to be known as a Comet in its Aphelion. Pray, Ma'am, amuſe yourſelf.

Miſs Doil. Oh Lord, Sir! you may as well offer me a ſheet of Hieroglyphics—Beſides, I hate reading.

Grad. Hate reading!

Miſs Doil. Aye, to be ſure; what's reading good for, but to give a ſtiff, embarraſſed air? It makes a man move as if made by a Carpenter, who had forgot to give him joints—[*obſerving him*] he twirls his hat, and bites his thumb, whilſt his hearers—his *beholders*, I mean, are gaping for his wit.

Grad. The malicious creature! 'Tis my picture ſhe has been drawing, and now 'tis more impoſſible for me to ſpeak than ever.

Miſs Doil. For my part—for my part, if I was a Man, I'd ſtudy only Dancing, and Bon-Mots. With no other learning than theſe, he may be light and frolickſome as Lady Airy's Ponies—but loaded with Greek, Philoſophy, and Mathematics, he's as heavy and dull as a Cart-horſe.

Grad. Fœmina cum voce Diaboli.

Miſs Doil. Bleſs me, Sir! why are you ſilent? My Father told me you was a Lover—I never ſaw ſuch a Lover in my life. By this time you ſhould have ſaid fifty brilliant things—found an hundred ſimiles for my Eyes, Complexion, and Wit. Can your memory furniſh you with nothing pat?—No Poetry—no Heroics? What ſubject did Portia's Lovers entertain her with, whilſt ſhe ſat ſpinning—aye?

Grad. The Lovers of that age, Madam, were ignorant of frothy compliments. Inſtead of being gallant, they were brave; inſtead of Flattery, they ſtudied Virtue and Wiſdom. It was *theſe*, Madam, that nerved the Roman arm; that empowered her to drag the nations of the world at her chariot-wheels, and that raiſed her to ſuch an exalted height ——

Miſs Doil. That down ſhe tumbled in the duſt—and there I beg you'll leave her. Was ever any thing ſo monſtrous! I aſk for a Compliment, and you begin an Oration—an oration on a parcel of ſtiff Warriors, and formal Pedants. Why, Sir, there is not one of theſe brave, wiſe, god-like Men, but would appear as ridiculous in a Modern Aſſembly as a Judge in his long wig and a Maccaroni jacket.

Grad. Now I am dumb again. Oh, that I had you at Brazen-noſe, Madam!—I could manage you there. [*Aſide.*

Miſs Doil. What! now you're in the pouts, Sir? 'Tis mighty well. Bleſs us! what a life a Wife muſt have with ſuch a Being! forever talking ſentences, or elſe in profound ſilence. No delightful nonſenſe, no ſweet trifling—all muſt be ſolemn, wiſe, and grave. Hang me if I would not ſooner marry the Buſt of Seneca, in bronze—then I ſhould have all

the

the gravity and coldneſs of Wiſdom, without its impertinence.

Grad. The impertinence of Wiſdom!—Surely, Madam, or I am much deceived, you poſſeſs a mind capable ——

Miſs Doil. Now I ſee, by the twiſt of your chin, Sir, you are beginning another Oration—but I proteſt, I will never hear you ſpeak again, 'till you have foreſworn thoſe tones, and that manner. Go, Sir—throw your books into the fire, turn your ſtudy into a Dreſſing-room, hire a Dancing-maſter, and grow agreeable. [*Exit.*

Grad. Plato! Ariſtotle! Zeno! I abjure ye. A Girl bred in a Nurſery—in whoſe ſoul the ſacred lamp of knowledge hath ſcarcely ſhed its fainteſt rays—hath vanquiſh'd, and ſtruck dumb, the moſt faithful of your diſciples. [*Enter Charlotte.*] Here's another She-devil—I'd as ſoon encounter a She-wolf. [*Going.*]

Charl. Stay, Sir, pray, an inſtant! Laud bleſs me! am I ſuch a Scare-crow? I was never run from, by a young man, before in my life. [*Pulls him back.*]

Grad. I reſolve henceforward to run from your whole ſex—Youth and Beauty are only other names for Coquetry and Affectation. Let me go, Madam—*you* have beauty, and doubtleſs all that belongs to it.

Charl. Lud! you've a mighty pretty whimſical way of complimenting.——Miſs Doiley might have diſcerned ſomething in you worth cheriſhing, in ſpight of that huſk of Scholarſhip.——To paſs one's life with ſuch a Being, ſeems to me the very Apex of human felicity. I found that word for him in a book of Geometry this morning. [*Aſide.*

Grad. Indeed!

Charl. Poſitively. I have liſtened to your converſation, and I can't help being concerned, that Talents which ought to do you honour, ſhould, by your miſmanagement, be converted into downright ridicules.

Grad. This Creature is of a genus quite different from the other. She has underſtanding! [*aſide*] I begin to ſuſpect, Madam, that, tho' I have ſome knowledge, I have ſtill *much* to learn.

Charl. You have, indeed—*Knowledge*, as you manage it, is a downright *Bore*.

Grad. *Bear!* What relation can there be between Knowledge and a Hog?

Charl. Lord bleſs me! how ridiculous! You have ſpent your life in learning the dead languages, and are ignorant of the living—Why, Sir, *Bore* is all the *ton*.

Grad. *Ton! ton!* What may that be? It cannot be Orthology; I don't recollect its root in the parent languages.

Char. Ha! ha! ha! better and better. Why, Sir, *ton* means—*ton* is—Pho! what ſignifies where the root is? Theſe kind of words are the ſhort-hand of converſation, and convey whole ſentiments at once. All one likes is *ton*, and all one hates is *bore*.

Grad. And is that divine medium, which pourtrays our minds, and marks us *firſt* in the animal climax—is *ſpeech* become ſo arbitrary, that——

Char. Divine medium!—Animal climax! [*contemptuouſly*] You know very well, the uſe of language is to expreſs one's likes and diſlikes—and a Pig will do this as effectually by its ſqueak, or a Hen with her cackle, as you with your Latin and Greek.

Grad. What can I ſay to you?

Char. Nothing;—but yield yourſelf to my guidance, and you ſhall conquer Miſs Doiley.

Grad. Conquer *her!* ſhe's ſo incaſed with ridicule, there is not a ſingle vulnerable ſpot about her.

Char. Pſhaw, pſhaw! What becomes of *her* ridicule, when you have baniſh'd your abſurdities? One can no more exiſt without the other, than the mundane ſyſtem without air. There's a touch of my ſcience for you. [*Aſide.*

Grad. Madam, I'll take you for my Minerva—Cover me with your ſhield, and lead me to battle.

Char. Enough. In the firſt place, [*leading him to a glaſs*] in the firſt place, don't you think you are habited *a-la-mode d'amour?* Did you ever ſee a Cupid in a grizzle wig, curl'd as ſtiffly as Sir Cloudſley Shovel's in the Abbey?——A dingy brown coat, with vellom button-holes, to be ſure, ſpeaks an excellent taſte; but then I would adviſe you to lay it by in lavender, for your Grandſon's chriſtening—and here's cambrick enough in your ruffles to make his ſhirt.

Grad. I perceive my error. The votaries of Love commence a new childhood; and dignity would be as unbecoming in them, as a hornpipe to a Socrates—But habit is ſo ſtrong, that, to gain an Empreſs, I could not aſſume that careleſs air, that promptneſs of expreſſion——

Char. Then you may give up the purſuit of Miſs Doiley—for ſuch a wiſe piece of *uprightneſs* would ſtand as good a chance to be Secretary to the *Coterie*, as her Huſband.

Grad. It is *Mr.* Doiley, who will——

Char. *Mr.* Doiley! Ridiculous—Depend on't, he'll let her marry juſt whom ſhe will——This Mr. Gradus, ſays he

he—why I don't care a groat whether you marry him or no, ſays he—there are fifty young fellows at Oxford, who can talk Greek as well as he——

Grad. Indeed!

Char. I have heard a good account of the young man, ſays he. But all I aſk of you is, to receive two viſits from him—no more than *two* viſits. If you don't like him—ſo; if you do, I'll give you half my fortune on the day of marriage, and the reſt at my death.

Grad. What a ſingularity! to limit me to *two* viſits—*One* is already paſt, and ſhe hates me—What can I expect from the reſt?

Char. Every thing. It is a *moment* that decides the fate of a Lover. Now, fancy me Miſs Doiley—look at me as if your ſoul was in your eyes—ſwear I'm a divinity—then take my hand and preſs it—thus.

Grad. Heavens! her touch has thrill'd me.

Char. And if I ſhould pout, and reſent the liberty, make your apology on my lips. [*Gradus catches her in his arms, and kiſſes her*] So, ſo! you *have* fire, I perceive.

Grad. Can you give me any more leſſons?

Char. Yes; but this is not the place. I have a friend—Mr. Sandford, whom you ſaw here laſt night—you ſhall dine with him; he will initiate ye at once in the faſhionable rage, and teach you to trifle agreeably. You ſhall be equip'd from his wardrobe, to appear here in the evening a Man of the World—Adieu to griſzles, and——

Grad. But what will the Father think of ſuch a metamorphoſis?

Char. Study your Miſtreſs *only*—your viſit will be to *her*, and that viſit decides your fate. Reſolve then to take up your new character boldly—in all its ſtrongeſt lines, or give up one of the richeſt Heireſſes in the kingdom.

Grad. My obligations, Madam——

Char. Don't ſtay now, to run the riſk of meeting Mr. Doiley—for, if he ſhould diſcover that you've diſguſted his Daughter, Sandford, the dinner, and the plot, will be worth no more than your gravity. Away! I'll meet you at Story's Gate to introduce you. [*Exit* Gradus.

Enter Miſs DOILEY.

Miſs Doil. Excellent Charlotte! you've outgone my expectation—Did ever a woodcock run ſo blindly into a ſnare?

Char. Oh, that's the way of all your great Scholars—take 'em but an inch out of their road, and you may turn 'em inſide out, as eaſily as your glove.

Miſs

Miſs Doil. Well, but have you ſeen Sandford?—Is every thing in train?—Will Gradus be hoodwink'd?

Char. Hoodwink'd! Why, dont you ſee he's already ſtark blind? or if he *has* any eyes, I aſſure ye they are all for me.

Miſs Doil. My heart palpitates with apprehenſion—we ſhall never ſucceed.

Char. Oh, I'll anſwer for the Scholar, if you'll undertake the Soldier. Mr. Sandford has engaged half a dozen of the *Savoir vivres*, all in high ſpirits at the idea of tricking old Leather-purſe—pardon me! and they have ſworn to exhauſt wit and invention, to turn our Solon out of their hands a finiſh'd Coxcomb.

Miſs Doil. Bleſſing on their labours! My Granger is gone to ſtudy his rival; and will make, I hope, a tolerable copy.—Now follow Gradus, my dear Charlotte, and take care they give him juſt champagne enough to *raiſe* him to the point, without turning *over* it. [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE, *An Apartment.*

DOILEY *aſleep.* *A Table before him, with Bottles, &c.*

Enter a SERVANT.

Servant.

SIR! Sir! [*jogging him*] Sir! What a piſe! ſure my maſter has drain'd the bottles, he ſleeps ſo ſound.—Oh, no—[*pours out a glaſs*]—Here's t'ye, old Gentleman! can't think why they ſent me to wake thee—am ſure the houſe is always quieteſt when you're a ſnoring.——[*Drinks; then awakens him.*]

Doil. Hey!—how!—what! Is Mr. Gradus come?

Serv. No, Sir—but Mr. Sandford's above ſtairs, and a mortal fine Gentleman.

Doil.

Doil. Fine Gentleman!—aye—ſome Rake, I ſuppoſe, that wants to ſell an annuity—I wonder where Gradus is—Paſt ſeven. [*Looking at his watch.*]

Serv. His friends keep the gentleman over a bottle, may-hap, Sir, longer than he thought for.

Doil. *He* over a bottle!—more liker he's over ſome crabbed book—or watching what the Moon's about, through a Microſcope. Come, move the things; and empty them two bottoms into one bottle, and cork it up cloſe—d'ye hear?—— I wiſh Gradus was come—Well, if I ſucceed in this one point, the devil may run away with the reſt. Let the world go to loggerheads; graſs grow upon 'Change; land-tax mount up; little Doiley is mine. Doiley, with a Hundred Thouſand in annuities, and a Son-in-law as wiſe as a Chancellor, may bid defiance to wind and weather. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *a Drawing-Room.*

Enter GRADUS, *led by* CHARLOTTE, *and followed by Mr.* SANDFORD.

Charlotte. Well, I proteſt this is an improvement!—Why, what with ſattins and taſſels, and ſpangles and foils, you look as fine as a Chymiſt's ſhop by candle light.

Grad. Madam, do you approve—

Charl. Oh, amazingly—I'll run and ſend Miſs Doiley to admire you.

Gradus *looking in a glaſs.*

Oh, if our Proctor could now behold me! he would never believe that figure to be Jeremy Gradus.

Sand. Very true—and I give ye joy. No one would conceive you'd ever been within gun-ſhot of a College.

Grad. What muſt I do with this?

Sand. Your *chapeau bras*—wear it thus. Theſe hats are for the arm only.

Grad. A hat for the arm! what a ſubverſion of ideas! Oh, Mr. Sandford—if the ſumptuary laws of Lycurgus——

Sand. Damn it! will you never leave off your College cant? I tell you once more—and, by Jupiter, if you don't attend to me, I'll give you up—I ſay, you muſt forget that ſuch fellows ever exiſted—that there was ever a language but Engliſh—a claſſic but Ovid, or a volume but his Art of Love.

Grad. I will endeavour to form myſelf from your inſtructions

ſtructions—but tarry with me, I entreat you—if you ſhould leave me———

Sand. I won't leave you. Here's your Miſtreſs—Now, Gradus, ſtand to your arms.

Grad. I'll do my beſt—but I could wiſh the Purſe-keeper was Miſs Charlotte.

Enter Miſs Doiley.

Sand. Huſh! Your devoted. Allow me, Madam, to introduce a Gentleman to you, in whoſe affairs I am particularly intereſted——Mr. Gradus.

Miſs Doil. Mr. Gradus! Is it poſſible?

Grad. Be not aſtoniſhed, oh lovely Maiden, at my ſudden change! Beauty is a Taliſman which works true miracles, and, without a fable, transforms mankind.

Miſs Doil. Your transformation, I fear, is too ſudden to be laſting——

Grad. Transformation! Reſplendent Virgo! brighteſt conſtellation of the ſtarry Zone! I am but now *created.* Your charms, like the Promethean fire, have warmed the clod to life, and rapt me to a new exiſtence.

Miſs Doil. But may I be ſure you'll never take up your old ruſt again?

Grad. Never. Sooner ſhall Taurus with the Piſces join; Copernicus to Ptolemy reſign the ſpheres, than I be what I was.

Miſs Doil. I ſhall burſt. [*Walking aſide.*]

Sand. Well, you've hit it off tolerably, for a *coup d'eſſai*—But prithee, Gradus, can't you talk in a ſtyle a little leſs fuſtian? You remember how thoſe Fine Fellows convers'd, you ſaw at dinner—no ſentences, no cramp words——all was Eaſe, and Impudence.

Grad. Yes, I remember. Now the ſhell is burſt, I ſhall ſoon be fledged. [Doiley *coming in, ſtarts back.*]

Doil. Why, who the dickens have we here!

Sand. So—there's the old Genius!

Miſs Doil. But I am convinced now—I am ſure all this is put on—in your heart you are ſtill Mr. Gradus.

Grad. Yes, Madam, ſtill Gradus; but not that ſtiff, ſcholaſtic Fool you ſaw this morning—No, no—I have learn'd that the acquiſitions of which your Father is ſo ridiculouſly fond, are uſeleſs lumber—that a man who knows more than his neighbours, is in danger of being ſhut out of ſociety—

or,

or, at beſt, of being invited at dinner once in a twelve-month, to be exhibited like an antique Bronze—or Porridge-pot from Herculaneum.

Doil. Zounds! 'tis he! I'm all over in a cold ſweat. [*Behind*]

Miſs Doil. And don't you think Learning the greateſt bleſſing in the world?

Grad. Not I, truly, Madam—Learning! a vile *Bore!*

Doil. Do I ſtand upon my head, or my heels?

Grad. I ſhall leave all thoſe fopperies to the Grey-beards at College—let 'em chop logic, or make Engliſh haſhes out of ſtale Hebrew, 'till they ſtarve, for me.

Sand. This is your reſolution?

Grad. Fix'd as Ixion on his wheel——I have no ſtudy now but the *Ton.*

Doil. Indeed!

Grad. You ſhall confeſs, my Friend, in ſpite of prejudice, that 'tis poſſible for a Man of Letters to become a Man of the World. You ſhall ſee, that he can dreſs, grow an adept in the ſcience of Taſte, ogle at the Opera, be vociferous at the Playhouſe, ſuffer himſelf to be pigeon'd with an eaſy air at Boodle's, and loſe his health for the benefit of his reputation in King's Place.

Miſs Doil. Bleſs me! one would ſuppoſe you had been familiar in the *Ben-ton* all your life—you have all the requiſites to make a *figure* in it, by heart.

Grad. The mere force of Beauty, Madam—I wiſh'd to become worthy of you, and that wiſh has work'd a miracle.

Doil. A miracle with a vengeance! Jacquet Droz' wood and wire-work was nothing to it.

Miſs Doil. How different from what you was this morning!

Grad. Oh, mention it not—this morning!—may it be blotted from Time's Ledger, and never thought on more! I abhor my former Self, Madam, more than you can—witneſs now the recantation of my errors. Learning, with all its tribe of ſolemn fopperies, I abjure—abjure for ever.

Doil. You do?

Grad. The ſtudy of what is vulgarly called Philoſophy may ſuit a Monk; but 'tis as unbecoming a Gentleman, as Loaded Dice, or a Braſs-hilted Sword.

Doil. Larning unbecoming a Gentleman!—Very well.

Grad. Hebrew I leave to the Jew Rabbies, Greek to the Bench of Biſhops, Latin to the Apothecaries, and Aſtronomy to Almanac-makers.

Doil. Better, and better.

Grad. The Mathematics—the Mixed, Pure, Speculative, and Practical, with their whole circle of Sciences, I confign, in a lump, to Old Men who want Blood, and to Young ones who want Bread—and now you've heard my whole abjuration.

Doiley *ruſhing forward.*

Doil. Yes—and *I* have heard too—*I* have heard. Oh, that I ſhould ever have been ſuch a dolt, as to take thee for a Man of Larning!

Grad. Mr. Doiley! [*Confounded.*]

Doil. What! don't be daſh'd, Man—go on with your objurations, do. Yes, you'll make a ſhine in the Tone!—Oh, that ever I ſhould have been ſuch a Nincompoop!

Sand. My dear Mr. Doiley, don't be in a heat—how can a Man of your diſcernment——now look at Gradus—I am ſure he's a much prettier fellow than he was—his figure and his manner are quite different things.

Doil. Yes, yes, I can ſee that—I can ſee that—Why, he has turned little Eaſop upſide down—he's the Lion in the ſkin of an Aſs. [*Walking about.*]

Grad. I muſt retrieve myſelf in his opinion. The *ſkin*, Mr. Doiley, may be put off; and be aſſured, that the mind, which has once felt the ſacred energies of Wiſdom, tho' it may aſſume, for a moment——

Miſs Doil. So! ſo! [*Angrily.*]

Sand. [*Apart*] Hark ye, Sir! that won't do. By Heaven, if you play retrograde, I'll forſake you on the ſpot. You are ruined with your Miſtreſs in a moment.

Grad. Dear Madam! believe me, that as for—what can I ſay—how aſſimilate myſelf to two ſuch oppoſite taſtes? I ſtand reeling between two characters, like a Subſtantive between two Adjectives.

Doil. You! you for to turn Fop, and Maccaroni! Why, 'twould be as nateral for a Jew Robin to turn Parſon. An Elephant in pinners—a Biſhop with a rattle and bells, couldn't be more poſterous.

Sand. Nay now, my dear Mr. Doiley—

Doil. Dear me no dears. Why, if I wanted a Maccaroni, I might have had choice—every alley from Hyde-Park to Shadwell-Dock ſwarms with 'em—genuine; and d'ye think I'll have an amphiberous thing—half-and-half, like the Sea-calf at Sir Aſhton's?

Sand.

Sand. Oh, if that's all, an hundred to ten, Gradus will ſoon be as complete a character, as if he had never learnt his Alpha Beta; or known more of the Claſſics than their names.

Doil. Oh, I warrant him. *Now* what do ye think of the Scratch, the Horſe, and the reſt of 'em? aye!

Grad. Oh, a mere *Bore*—a parcel of brawny untaught fellows, who knew no more of life than they did of Chineſe. If they'd ſtood Candidates for rank in a College of Taſte, they'd have been returned *ignoranter*—would they not, Madam?

Miſs Doil. Oh certainly—I could kiſs the fellow, he has entered into my plot with ſuch ſpirit. [*Exit.*

Doil. Why, you've been in wonderful haſte to get rid of the Ignoranter part—but as it happen'd, that was the only part I car'd for—ſo now you may carry your hogs to another market; they won't not do for me.

Grad. My hogs!

Doil. Aye—your Boars—your improvements—your faſhionable airs—your—in ſhort, you are not the Man I took you for; ſo you may trot back to College again—go, Miſter, and teach 'em the Tone, do—Lord, how they'll ſtare! Jeremy Gradus, or the Monkey return'd from travel.

Sand. Upon my honour, you are too ſevere. Leave us, Man—leave us—I'll ſettle your affair, I warrant. [*to* Gradus.

Grad. Not ſo eaſily, I fear—he ſticks to his point, like a ruſty Weather-cock——All my dependence is on the Lady.

Sand. You'll allow Gradus to ſpeak to Miſs Doiley.

Doil. Oh, aye, to be ſure—the more *he* ſpeaks, the leſs ſhe'll like him. Here—ſhew Mr. Gradus to the dreſſing-room [*Exit Gradus*]. Give her another doſe—ſurfeit her by all means. Why, ſure, Mr. Sandford, you'd no hand in tranſmogrifying the——.

Sand. Yes, faith, I had—I couldn't endure the idea of ſeeing your charming Daughter tied to a collection of Greek Apophthegms and Latin Quotations—ſo I endeavour'd to Engliſh him.

Doil. Engliſh him! I take it ſhocking ill of you, Mr. Sandford—that I muſt tell you.—Here are all my hopes gone, like a whiff of Tobacco!

Sand. Pho! my dear Mr. Doiley, this attachment of yours to Scholarſhip is a mere whim——

D'Oyl. Whim! well, ſuppoſe it is—I will have my whim. Work'd hard forty years, and ſaved above twice as many Thouſand Pounds—and if ſo much labour, and ſo

much money, won't entitle a Man to whim, I don't know what the devil ſhould.

Sand. Nor I neither, I'm ſure.

Doil. To tell ye a bit of a ſecret—lack o' Larning has been my great detriment. If I'd been a Scholar, there's no knowing what I might have got—my Plumb might have been two—my——

Sand. Why, doubtleſs, a little Claſſical Learning might have been of uſe, in driving your Bargains.

Doil. Aye, to be ſure!—and I do verily believe it hindered me from being Lord Mayor—only think of that—Lord Mayor of London!

Sand. How ſo?

Doil. Why, I tended the Common Council, and all the Pariſh-meetings, for fifteen years, without daring for to make one arangue—at laſt a Weſtry was call'd, about chuſing of a Turncock. So, now, thinks I, I'll ſhew 'em what I'm good for—our Alderman was in the Purples—ſo, thinks I, if he tips off, why not I, as well as another?—ſo I'll make a ſpeech about Patrots, and then ax for their votes.

Sand. Very judicious!

Doil. If you'll believe me, I got up three times—Silence! ſays Mr. Crier—and my tongue grew ſo dry with fright, that I couldn't wag it—ſo I was forc'd to ſquat down again, 'midſt horſe laughs—and they nick-named me *Dummy*, through the whole Ward.

Sand. Wicked Rogues! Well, I aſk your pardon—I had no idea of theſe *important* reaſons. Yet, how Men differ! Now the Family of Sir Wilford Granger are quite diſtreſs'd by the obſtinate attachment to the Sciences, which has quite ſpoil'd that fine young Fellow I told you of this morning.

Doil. Aye! What's he Sir Wilford Granger's Son? knew his Father very well—kept a fine Study of horſes, and loſt many Thouſands by it—lent him money many a time—good Man—always punctual.

Sand. Aye, Sir! but this Youth diſappointed all his hopes. Mighty pleaſant, to ſee a young Fellow—form'd to poſſeſs life in all its points, and bewitching varieties—ſhrink from the World, and bury himſelf amidſt obſolete Books, Syſtems, and Schiſms—whilſt Pleaſure woos him to her ſoft embrace, and joys follicit him in vain!—Oh, it gave his Father great trouble.

Doil. Great trouble! Dear me, dear me! I always thought Sir Wilford had been a wiſer man—why, I would have given the world for ſuch a Son.

Sand. He ſwallows it rarely!—[*aſide.*]—Oh, he piques himſelf

ſelf on ſuch trifles as reading the Greek and Latin Authors in their own tongue, and maſtering all the quibbles of our Engliſh Philoſphers——

Doil. Engliſh Philoſophers! I wou'd'nt give a farthing for *them*.

Sand. Why, ſure you have heard of a Bacon, a Locke, a Newton——

Doil. Newton! oh aye—I have heard of Sir Iſaac—every body has heard of Sir Iſaac—Great Man—Maſter of the Mint.

Sand. Oh, Sir! this Youth has found a dozen miſtakes in his theories, and proved him wrong in one or two of his calculations—in ſhort, he is adviſed to give the world a ſyſtem of his own—in which, for aught I know, he'll prove the earth to be concave inſtead of ſpherical, and the moon to be no bigger than a punch-bowl.

Doil. [*Aſide.*] He's the Man—he's the Man!—Look'ee, Mr. Sandford—you've given a deſcription of this young Fellow, that's ſet my blood in a ferment. *Do* now, my dear Friend, *do* you think now that you could prevail upon him to marry my Daughter?

Sand. Why, I don't know—neither beauty nor gold has charms for him. Knowledge—knowledge is his Miſtreſs.

Doil. Aye! I'm ſorry for that—and yet I'm glad of it too. Now, ſee what ye can do with him—ſee what ye can do with him!

Sand. Well, well, I'll try. He promis'd to call on me here this evening, in his way to the Muſeum—I don't know whether he is'nt below now.

Doil. Below now! Iſackins, that's lucky—hang *me* if it is'nt! Do go and—and ſpeak to him a bit—and bring him up—bring him up. Tell him, if he'll marry Elizabeth, I'll *give* him, that is, I'll *leave* him every farthing I have in the world.

Sand. Well—ſince you are ſo very earneſt, I'll ſee what I can do. [*Exit.*

Doil. Thank'ee, thank'ee! Iecod! I'll buy him twice as many books as a College Library; but what I'll bribe him—that I will. What the dickens can Elizabeth be about, with that thing there! that Gradus!—He a Man of Learning!—Hang me if I don't believe his head's as hollow as my Cane. Sure ſhe can't have taken a fancy to the ſmattering Monkey! Hp, there they are—here he comes! Why there's Greek and Algebra in his face. [*Enter* Sandford, *and* Granger *dreſſed in black.*]—Mr. Granger, your very humble ſervant, Sir—I'm very glad to ſee you, Sir.

Grang.

Grang. I thank you, Sir. [*Very ſolemnly.*]

Doil. I knew your Father, Sir, as well as a Beggar knows his Diſh. Mayhap Mr. Sandford told you that I wanted for to bring you and my Daughter acquainted—I'll go and call her in.

Grang. 'Tis unneceſſary.

Doil. He ſeems a mighty ſilent Man. [*Apart, to* Sandford.

Sand. Studying—ſtudying. Ten to one he's forming a diſcourſe in Arabic, or revolving one of Euclid's problems.

Doil. Couldn't you ſet him a talking a bit? I long for to hear him talk.

Sand. Come, Man! forget the old Sages a moment—Can't the idea of Miſs Doiley give a fillip to your imagination?

Grang. Miſs Doiley, I am inform'd, is lovely as a Woman can be—But what is Woman?—only one of Nature's agreeable blunders.

Doil. Hum! That ſmacks of ſomething! [*Aſide.*] Why, as to that, Mr. Granger, a Woman with no potion but her whims, might be but a kind of a Jew's bargain—but when Fifty Thouſand is popt into the Scale, ſhe muſt be bad indeed if her Huſband doesn't find her a Pen'worth.

Grang. With Men of the World, Mr. Doiley, Fifty Thouſand Pounds might have their weight; but, in the balance of Philoſophy, gold is light as phlogiſticated air.

Doil. That's deep—I can make nothing of it—that muſt be deep. [*aſide.*] Mr. Granger! the great account I have heard of your Larning, and what not, has made me willing for to be a-kin to you.

Grang. Mr. Sandford ſuggeſted to me your deſign, Sir—and, as you have ſo nobly propoſed your Daughter, as the prize of Learning, I have an ambition to be related to you.

Doil. [*Aſide*] But I'll ſee a bit farther into him, though, firſt. Now pray, Mr. Granger! pray now—a—I ſay—[*To* Sand.] Ax him ſome deep queſtion, that he may ſhew himſelf a bit.

Sand. What the devil ſhall I ſay? Granger! is it your opinion that the ancient Antipodes walk'd erect, or crawl'd on all four?

Grang. A thinking man always doubts—but the beſt informations concur, that they were Quadrupedes during two revolutions of the Sun, and Bipedes ever after.

Doil. Quadpedes! Bipedes! what a fine Man he is! [*Aſide.*

Sand.

Sand. A ſurpriſing transformation!

Grang. Not more ſurpriſing than the transformation of an Eruca to a Chryſalis—a Chryſalis to a Nymph, and a Nymph to a Butterfly.

Doil. There again! I ſee it will do—I ſee it will do—— aye, that I will—hang me if I don't. [*Aſide.*

[*Exit, chuckling and laughing.*

Grang. What's he gone off for, ſo abruptly?

Sand. For his Daughter, I hope—Give ye joy, my dear fellow! the Nymph, the Eruca, and the Chryſalis, have won the day.

Grang. How ſhall I bound my happineſs? My dear Sandford—that was the luckieſt queſtion, about the Antipodes!

Sand. Yes—pretty ſucceſsful. Have you been at your ſtudies?

Grang. Oh, I've been in the Dictionary this half-hour—and have pick'd up cramp words enough to puzzle and delight the Old Gentleman the remainder of his life.

Sand. Here he is, faith ——

Grang. And Elizabeth with him—I hear her dear footſteps! Oh, how ſhall I ——

Doil. without. Come along, I ſay—what a plague are ye ſo modeſt for? Come in here. [*Pulls in* Gradus *by the arm.*] Here, I've brought him—one of your own kidney—ha! ha! ha! Now I'll lay a gallon you can't gueſs what I've brought him for. I've brought him—ha! ha! ha!—for to pit him againſt you [*to* Granger] to ſee which of you two is the moſt larned—ha! ha!

Grang. Ten thouſand Devils, Plagues, and Furies!

Sand. Here's a blow-up!

Doil. Why, for all he looks ſo like a Nincompoop in this pye-pick'd jacket, he's got his noddle full of Greek, and Algebra, and them things. Why, Gradus, don't ſtand aloof, Man—this is a Brother Scholar, I tell ye.

Grad. A Scholar! *all* who have earn'd that diſtinction, are my Breth'ren. *Cariſſime frater, gaudeo te videre.*

Grang. Sir—you—I——moſt obedient. I wiſh thou wert in the bottom of the Red Sea, and the largeſt folio in thy Library about thy neck. [*Aſide.*

Sand. For Heaven's ſake, Mr. Doiley, what do you mean?

Doil. Mean! why, I mean for to pit 'em, to be ſure—and to give Elizabeth to the winner. Touch him up—touch him up! [*to* Grang.] ſhew him what a fool he is.

Sand.

Sand. Why, ſure, you won't ſet them together by the ears!

Doil. No, no—but I am reſolved for to ſet 'em together by the tongues. To cut the buſineſs ſhort—Mr. Gradus! you are, to be ſure, a great dab at Larning, and what not; but I'll bet my Daughter, and Fifty Thouſand to boot, that Granger beats ye—and he that wins, ſhall have her.

Grang. Heavens! what a ſtake! 'Tis ſufficient to inſpire a dolt with the tongues of Babel.

Sand. My dear Friend, think of the indelicacy——

Doil. Fiddle-de-dee!—I tell you, I will have my whim—and ſo, Gradus, ſet off. By Jenkins, you'll find it a tough buſineſs to beat Granger—he's one of your great Genis Men—going to write a book about Sir Iſaac, and the Moon, and the Devil knows what. [*Miſs* Doil. *and* Charl. *enter at the back of the ſtage.*

Grad. If ſo, the more glorious will be my victory. Come, Sir! let us enter the liſts, ſince it muſt be ſo, for this charming prize [*pointing to Miſs* Doil.] Chuſe your weapons——Hebrew——Greek——Latin——or Engliſh. Name your ſubject; we will purſue it ſyllogiſtically, or ſocratically, as you pleaſe.

Grang. [*aſide*] Curſe your Syllogiſms, and Socraticiſms!

Doil. No, no, I'll not have no Engliſh—What a plague! every Shoe-black jabbers Engliſh—ſo give us a touch of Greek to ſet off with—Come, Gradus, you begin.

Miſs Doil. Undone! Undone!

Grad. If it is merely a recitation of Greek that you want, you ſhall be gratified. An epigram that occurs to me, will give you an idea of that ſublime language.

Charl. [*aſide*] Oh, confound your ſublime language!

Grad. *Panta gelos, kai panta kenis, kai panta to meden*
Panta gar exalagon, eſti ta ginomena.

Doil. *Panta, tri pantry!* Why, that's all about the Pantry. What, the old Grecians lov'd Tid-bits, may hap—but that's low! aye, Sandford!

Sand. Oh, curſed low! he might as well have talk'd about a Pig-ſtye.

Doil. Come, Granger, now for it! Elizabeth and Fifty Thouſand Pounds!

Grang. Yes, Sir. I—I—am not much prepared—I could wiſh—I could wiſh—Sandford! [*Apart.*

Sand. Zounds! ſay ſomething—any thing!

Char. [*aſide*] Eigh! its all over. He could as eaſily furniſh the Ways and Means, as a word in Greek.

Doil.

Doil. Hoity, toity! What, at a ſtand! Why ſure you can talk Greek as well as Gradus?

Grang. 'Tis a point *I* cannot decide—*you* muſt determine it. Now, Impudence, embrace me with thy ſeven-fold ſhield! Zanthus, I remember, in deſcribing ſuch a night as this———

Grad. Zanthus! you ſurely err. I remember but one being of that name, and he was a Horſe.

Grang. Sir, he was an Orator—and *ſuch* an one that, Homer records, the Gods themſelves inſpired him.

Grad. True, Sir—but you wo'n't deny———

Doil. Come—come! I ſha'n't have no brow-beating—nobody offer'd for to contradict you—So begin [*to Granger*]. What ſaid Orator Zanthus?

Grang. Yon lucid orb, in æther penſile, irradiates th'expanſe. Refulgent ſcintillations, in th'ambient void opake, emit humid ſplendor. Chryſalic ſpheroids th'horizon vivify—aſtifarious conſtellations, nocturnal ſporades, in refrangerated radii, illume our orb terrene.

Miſs Doil. I breathe again! [*Aſide.*

Doil. There! there!—Well ſpoke, Granger!—Now, Gradus, beat that!

Grad. I am enrapt in aſtoniſhment! You are impoſed on, Sir—inſtead of claſſical language, you have heard a rant in Engliſh——

Doil. Engliſh! Zounds! d'ye take me for a fool? D'ye think I don't know my own Mother-tongue!—'Twas no more like Engliſh, than I am like Whittington's Cat.

Grad. It was every ſyllable Engliſh.

Doil. There's impudence!—There wasn't a word of it Engliſh—If you take that for Engliſh, devil take me if I believe there was a word of Greek in all your *tri pantrys*.

Grad. Oh! the torture of Ignorance!

Doil. Ignorant!—Come, come, none of your tricks upon travellers. I thought you meant all that as a ſkit upon my edication—but I'll have you to know, Sir, that I'll read the Tenth Chapter of Nehemiah with you for your ears.

Grad. I repeat, that you are impoſed on. Mr. Sandford, I appeal to you.

Grang. And I appeal——

Sand. Nay, Gentlemen, Mr. Dolley is your Judge in all diſputes concerning the Vulgar Tongue.

Doil. Aye, to be ſure, I am. Who cares for your Peals? I peal too; and I tell you, I wo'n't be impoſed on. Here, Elizabeth—I have got ye a Huſband, at laſt, to my heart's content—

Miſs Doil. Him, Sir! You preſented that Gentleman to me this morning, and I have found ſuch a *fund* of merit in him—

Doil. In he! what in that Beau-bookworm! that argufies me down, I don't know Engliſh? Don't go for to provoke me—bid that Mr. Granger welcome to my houſe—he'll ſoon be Maſter on't.

Miſs Doil. Sir, in obedience to the commands of my *Father*——— [*ſignificantly.*]

Doil. Sha'n't ſay Obedience—ſay ſomething kind to him of yourſelf——He's a Man after my own heart.

Miſs Doil. Then, Sir, without reſerve, I acknowledge your choice of Mr. Granger is perfectly agreeable to mine.

Doil. That's my dear Bet!—[*kiſſing her.*]—We'll have the wedding directly. There! d'ye underſtand *that*, Mr. Tri-Pantry?—is *that* Engliſh?

Grad. Yes, ſo plain, that it has exſuſcitated my underſtanding—I perceive I have been dup'd.

Doil. Aye, well! I had rather you ſhould be the Dupe than me.

Grad. Well, Sir, I have no inclination to conteſt—if the lovely Charlotte will perform her promiſe.

Char. Agreed! provided that, in your character of Huſband, you will be as ſingular and old-faſhion'd as the Wig you were this morning.

Doil. What, Coufin! have *you* taken a fancy to the Scholar? Egad! you're a cute Girl, and mayhap may be able to make ſomething of him—and I don't care if I throw in a few Hundreds, that you mayn't repent your Bargain. Well, now I've ſettled this affair exactly to my own mind, I am the happieſt man in the world—And, d'ye hear Gradus!—I don't love for to bear malice—if you'll trot back to College, and larn the difference between Greek and Engliſh, why you may ſtand a chance to be Tutor—when they've made me a Grandfather.

Grad. I have had enough of languages. You ſee I have juſt engaged a Tutor to teach me to read the World; and if I play my part there as well as I did at Brazen-Noſe, your indulgence will grant me applauſe.

THE END.